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stay-chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorn-horn and three-quarters hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shot-gun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wabby legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell to a non-resident."

Permanent Employment.

Old Sam had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock River near the dam, holding his shot-gun in hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passerby, who asked: "Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, sah," answered Sam; "I's gettin' paid fo' what I's doin'."

"Indeed!" answered the stranger.

"And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am underminin' de dam," answered Sam.

"Well, there goes one now," exclaimed the stranger, excitedly.

"Why don't you shoot?"

"Spouse I wants to lose my job, sah?" answered, Sam complacently.

A Ready Explanation.

A Washington man one day went out of town for a day's fishing, taking a luncheon with him. When he reached the stream where he intended to enjoy his sport he discovered that he had dropped his luncheon somewhere on the way. He hastened back to look for it. Presently he met a burly darky, who seemed very well pleased with himself, and who was in the act of brushing crumbs from his lips with his sleeves.

"Did you pick up anything in the road as you came along?" asked the Washingtonian, with a suspicious glance at the negro.

"No, sah," promptly returned the colored man. "I didn't pick up nothin'. Couldn't a dog hab found it an' e't it up?"

Couldn't Spare It.

"Your money or your life!" growled the footpad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman, "I'm savin' me money for me old age!"

Not Yet.

"Can your dolly say Mama, an' Papa?"

"My gwacious! No—she's only three months old."

Anecdotal.

In slavery days a negro was discovered in a hotel office walking up and down. "Here, you nigger," said the proprietor, "who do you belong to?" "Deed, massa," the negro replied, "I dunno until de poker game now goin' on upstairs is finished."

The manager of a Western railway received the following letter from some conscience-stricken unknown who had experienced religion: "Meestare Snut: Eet ees wit' sorrow I approach before you. I stol' one ride an' eet has bordered me lake haall. I got religion now an' so I sen' one teeket an' five cents from your frens. I wish you much luk, please excuse me."

Two Irish farmers who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Sure, its married I am," said Murphy. "You don't tell me so," said Moran. "Faix, yes," said Murphy, "an' I've got a fine healthy bhoys which me neighbors say is the very picture of me." Moran looked for a moment at Murphy, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said: "Och, well, what's the harum, so long as the child's healthy?"

Clerk McDowell of the United States House of Representatives, had issued a vest-pocket directory of the House, giving the names of the members, their residences, and their committee-rooms. "What's this, Aleck?"

asked a disgruntled member who came into the clerk's office after he had had a session with the Speaker about getting recognized to call up a bill. "That's a vest-pocket directory of the House," Clerk McDowell replied. The member examined it carefully. "Seems to me like a rotten waste of money," he said finally, "you could have made it a heap smaller and more accurate if you had printed Speaker Cannon's name in it and let it go at that."

Among the presents lately showered upon a Maryland bride was one that was the gift of an elderly lady of the neighbourhood with whom both bride and groom were prime favorites.

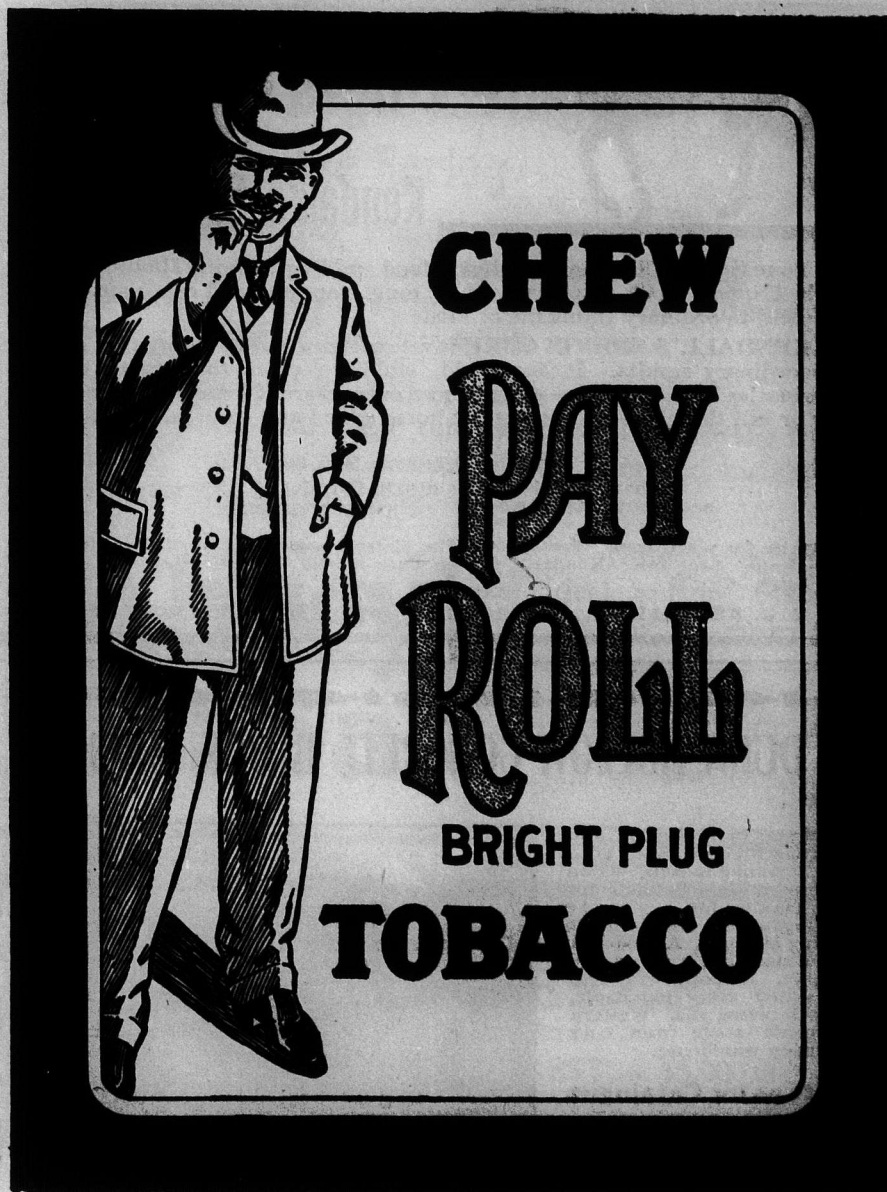
Some years ago the dear old soul accumulated a supply of cardboard mottoes, which she worked and had framed and on which she never failed to draw with the greatest freedom as occasion arose.

In cheerful reds and blues, suspended by a cord of the same colors over the table on which the other presents were grouped, hung the motto: "Fight on; fight ever."

A babu in charge of the documents of a certain town in India found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He wrote to the government to provide him with weekly rations for two cats to destroy the rats. The request was granted, and the two cats were installed—one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other. All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following despatch: "I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the babu received no answer. After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal: "In re Absentee Cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations."

A well-known Westerner was invited to a dinner given in an Eastern city in the cause of education. When time came for the speeches, many of the educators were called upon and glorified education. Then the visitor's time came. "I have been interested in what the speakers preceding me have said about education," he said; "still I think that out our way, in the West, not so much store is set by it as here in the East. I am reminded of the story of the two boys in Alberta who, I regret to say, were playing poker in a doorway, using kernels of corn for chips. During the game one pushed in a bunch of kernels and said, 'I'll bet you a hundred.' 'I'll raise it a hundred,' said the other. 'I'll raise that a thousand.' 'I'll see the thousand and raise it a million.' 'I'll raise that million a billion.' 'I'll see the billion and raise you a trillion.' The other boy was stumped. He thought a long time, but he couldn't remember what came next, so he said, bitterly: 'Take it, you educated son of a gun!'"

Among the creditors of an insolvent firm was a New Yorker who had a balance of \$285 coming to him. This man wanted his money. He was a good talker, and persuaded the firm to pay him off in case he could get the other creditors to grant an extension of time. So he called a meeting of the creditors, and talked to them eloquently about the prospects of the firm getting on its feet again if it only had time. He seemed to have won out when a little old man in the back of the room arose, and in a squeaky voice declared that he for one, wanted his money, and did not want to wait for it. "Don't you think it is rather selfish of you to interfere with this plan, in which all the other creditors have agreed?" asked the first man: "we are willing to wait for the amount of our claims. Every one of us, including myself, believes this firm should have plenty of time." "How much is your claim, anyway?" In the same piping voice the little man answered: "They owe me \$185,000: how much is your claim?"



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